

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*Lady.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith I know your bulines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you

*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue. (go)

*La.* Com, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me directly vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifier, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee. *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed? Wel doe not then: for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me? Whither I go: nor reason were about, Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know. And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*. Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward, to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poynes.* Where hast beene *Hall*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, and foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the vein of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a lea, and can call them all by their Christian names, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their salt though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king, tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; *thian*, alad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord) and when I am king of *England*, I shall command lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying when you breath in your wat'ring, they cry hem play it off. To conclude, I am so good a pro quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any owne language during my life. I will tell thee A lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, w addition, *Anon*, anon sir, skore a pint of *Bastard* in th or so. But *Ned*, to arise away time till *Falstaffe* thee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be *Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Fran.* *Anon*, anon sir, looke down into the Pom